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P O E M.

The Second Edition.



D U B L I N

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HE Shepherds and the Nymphs were seen
 Pleading before the *Cyprian* Queen:
 The Council for the Fair began,
 Accusing that false Creature Man:
 The Brief with weighty Crimes was charg'd,
 On which the Pleader much enlarg'd:
 That, *Cupid* now has lost his Art,
 Or blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart:
 His Altar now no longer Smokes,
 His Mother's Aid no Youth invokes:
 This tempts FREE-THINKERS to refine,
 And bring in doubt their Pow'r Divine.
 Now, Love is dwindled to Intrigue,
 And Marriage grown a Money-League.
 Which Crimes aforesaid (with her Leave)
 Were (as he humbly did conceive)
 Against our Sov'raign Lady's Peace;
 Against the Statutes in that Case;
 Against her Dignity and Crown;
 Then pray'd an Answer, and fate down.

THE Nymphs with Scorn beheld their Foes;
 When the Defendant's Council rose,
 And, what no Lawyer ever lack't,
 With Impudence own'd all the Fact:
 But, what the gentlest Heart would vex,
 Lay'd all the Fault on t'other Sex.
 That, modern Love is no such Thing
 As what those antient Poets sing,
 A Fire Celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceived and kindled in the Mind;

Which, having found an equal Flame,
Unites, and both become the same :
In diff'rent Breasts, together burn,
Together both to Ashes turn.

But Women now feel no such Fire,
And only know the gross Desire :
Their Passions move in lower Spheres,
Where-e'er Caprice or Folly Steers :
A Dog, a Parrot, or an Ape,
Or a worse Brute in Human Shape
Engross the Fancies of the Fair,
'The few soft Moments they can spare
From Visits to receive and pay,
From Scandal, Politicks, and Play,
From Fans and Flounces, and Brocades,
From Equipage, and Park-Parades,
From all the thousand Female Toys,
From ev'ry Trifle that Employs
The out, or in-side of their Heads,
Between their Toilets and their Beds.

IN a dull Stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the Current flow,
If a small Breeze obstructs the Course,
It whirls about for want of Force ;
And in its narrow Circle gathers
Nothing but Chaff and Straws, and Feathers :
The Current of a Female's Mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry Wind ;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, Fops, and Rakes, for Chaff and Straws.

Hence

Hence we conclude, no Womens Hearts
Are won by Virtue, Wit, and Parts :
Nor are the Men of Sense to blame
For Breasts incapable of Flame :
The Fault must on the Nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their Taste.

THE Pleader having spoke his best,
Had Witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on Oath depose,
When Questions on the Fact arose,
That ev'ry Article was true ;
Nor further those Deponents knew.
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The Bill might be with Costs dismiss.

THE Cause appear'd of so much Weight,
That *Venus*, from her Judgment-Seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a Cloud :
For if the Heav'nly Folks should know
These Pleadings in the Courts below,
That Mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her Face above.
For, Gods their Betters, are too wise
To value that which Men despise.
And then (said she) my Son and I
Must strole in Air 'twixt Earth and Sky ;
Or else shut out from Heav'n and Earth,
Fly to the Sea, my Place of Birth,
There live with daggled Mermaids pent,
And keep on Fish perpetual Lent.

BUT

BUT since the Case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take Advice.
 The Muses, by their King's Permission,
 Though Foes to Love, attend the Session;
 And on the right Hand took their Places
 In order, on the Left the Graces;
 To whom she might her Doubts propose
 On all Emergences that rose.
 The Muses oft were seen to frown,
 The Graces half asham'd look'd down;
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
 Of either Sex, among the Crew
 Whom she or her Assessors knew.
 The Goddess soon began to see
 Things were not ripe for a Decree:
 And said, She must consult her Books,
 The Lover's *Fleta's*, *Bracton's*, *Cook's*.
 First to a dapper Clerk she beckon'd,
 To turn to *Ovid*, Book the Second:
 She then referr'd them to a Place
 In *Virgil* (Vide *Dido's* Case)
 As for *Tibullus's* Reports,
 They never pass'd for Law in Courts.
 For *Cowley's* Briefs, and Pleas of *Waller*,
 Still their Authority was smaller.

THERE was on both sides much to say,
 She'd hear the Cause another Day;
 And so she did, and then a third;
 She heard it——there she kept her Word;

But with Rejoinders and Replies,
Long Bills, and Answers, stuff'd with Lies,
Demurr, Emparlance, and Effoin,
The Parties ne'er could Issue join:
For sixteen Years the Cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

—Now, gentle *Clio* say,
What *Venus* meant by this Delay.
The Goddess much perplex'd in Mind
To see her Empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand Debate arose,
Above her Wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a Project in her Head
To work her Ends, which, if it sped,
Would shew the Merits of the Cause
Far better than consulting Laws.

IN a glad Hour, *Lucina's* Aid
Produc'd on Earth a wond'rous MAID;
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new Experiment.
She threw her Law-Books on the Shelf,
And thus debated with her self.
Since Men allegde they ne'er can find
Those Beauties in a Female-Mind
Which raise a Flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with Reason they complain,
This INFANT shall restore my Reign:
I'll search where ev'ry Virtue dwells,
From Courts inclusive down to Cells,

What

What Preachers talk, or Sages write,
These will I gather and unite ;
And represent them to Mankind,
Collected in that INFANT'S Mind.

THIS said ; she plucks from Heav'n's high Bow'rs,
A Sprig of Aramanthine Flow'rs ;
In Nectar thrice infuses Bays,
Three times refin'd in *Titan's* Rays ;
Then calls the Graces to her Aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born MAID :
From whence the tender Skin assumes
A Sweetness above all Perfumes,
From whence a Cleanliness remains
Incapable of outward Stains ;
From whence that Decency of Mind,
So lovely in the Female-Kind,
Where not a careless Thought intrudes
Less modest, than the Speech of Prudes :
Where never Blush was call'd for Aid,
That spurious Virtue in a MAID ;
A Virtue, but at second-hand,
They blush, because they understand.

THE Graces next wou'd act their Part,
And shew'd but little of their Art ;
Their Work was half already done,
The CHILD with Native Beauty shone :
The outward Form no help requir'd ;
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging Air,
Which in old Times adorn'd the Fair.

And

And said; VANESSA be the Name,
By which thou shalt be known to Fame;
VANESSA by the Gods enroll'd;
Her Name on Earth—shall not be told.

BUT still the Work was not compleat;
When *Venus* thought on a Deceit.
Drawn by her Doves, away she flies;
And finds out *Pallas* in the Skies:
Dear *Pallas*, I have been this Morn
To see a lovely Infant born;
A Boy in yonder Isle below,
So like my own, without his Bow:
By Beauty could your Heart be won,
You'd swear it is *Apollo's* Son.
But it shall ne'er be said, a Child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your Care.

WISDOM's above suspecting Wiles;
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles;
Down from *Olympus* comes with Joy,
Mistakes VANESSA for a Boy:
Then sows within her tender Mind
Seeds long unknown to Womankind,
For manly Bosoms chiefly fit,
The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit:
Her Soul was suddenly endu'd
With Justice, Truth, and Fortitude;
With Honour, which no Breath can stain,
Which Malice must attack in vain:

And

B

With

With open Heart, and bounteous Hand :
 But *Pallas* here was at a stand ;
 She knew, in our degen'rate Days
 Bare Virtue cou'd not live on Praise :
 That Meat must be with Money bought ;
 She therefore upon second Thought
 Infus'd, yet as it were by Stealth,
 Some small Regard for State and Wealth.
 (Of which, as she grew up, there staid
 A Tincture in the prudent MAID ;
 She manag'd her Estate with Care,
 Yet lik'd three Footmen to her Chair)
 But lest he should neglect his Studies
 (Like a young Heir) the thrifty Goddess
 For fear young Master should be spoil'd,
 Would use him like a younger Child ;
 And after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just Five Thousand Pound.

THE Queen of Love was pleas'd and proud
 To see VANESSA thus endow'd.
 She doubted not but such a Dame
 Through ev'ry Breast would dart a Flame :
 That ev'ry rich and lordly Swain
 With Pride would drag about her Chain ;
 That Scholars would forsake their Books,
 To study bright VANESSA's Looks ;
 As she advanc'd, that Woman-kind
 Wou'd, by her Model, form their Mind ;
 And all their Conduct shou'd be try'd
 By her, as an unerring Guide :

Offending

Offending Daughters oft would hear
 VANESSA's Praise rung in their Ear;
 Miss *Betty*, when she does a Fault,
 Lets fall her Knife, or spills the Salt,
 Will thus be by her Mother chid,
 'Tis what VANESSA never did:
 Thus by the Nymphs and Swains ador'd,
 My Pow'r shall be again restor'd;
 And happy Lovers bless my Reign,—
 So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

FOR when in Time the Martial MAID
 Found out the Trick that *Venus* plaid,
 She shakes her Helm, she knits her Brows,
 And fir'd with Indignation, vows,
 To morrow e'er the setting Sun,
 She'd all undo that she had done.

BUT Gods, we are by Poets taught,
 Must stand to what themselves have wrought.
 For, in their old Records we find
 A *Wholesome Law*, Time out of Mind,
 Confirm'd long since by Fate's Decree,
 That Gods of whatsoe'er degree,
 Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
 Or any Brother-God in Heav'n:
 Which keeps the Peace among the Gods,
 Else they must always be at Odds:
 And *Pallas*, if she broke the Laws,
 Must yield her Foe the stronger Cause;
 A shame to one so much ador'd
 For Wisdom at *Jove's* Council-Board.

Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Wou'd meet with better Friends above.
And though she must with Grief reflect,
To see a Mortal VIRGIN deck'd
With Graces hitherto unknown
To Female Breasts, except her own;
Yet she wou'd act as best became
A Goddess of unspotted Fame.
She knew by Augury Divine,
Venus wou'd fail in her Design:
She study'd well the Point, and found
Her Foe's Conclusions were not found,
From Premisses erroneous brought,
And therefore the Deduction's nought;
And must have contrary Effects
To what her treach'rous Foe expects.

IN proper Season, *Pallas* meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets;
(For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
Can in Celestial Language scold)
Perfidious Goddess! But in vain
You form'd this Project in your Brain;
A Project for thy Talents fit,
With much Deceit, and little Wit:
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thy self instead of me;
For, how can heav'nly Wisdom prove
An Instrument to earthly Love?
Know'st thou not yet, that Men commence
Thy Votaries for want of Sense?

Nor

Nor shall VANESSA be the Theme
To manage thy Abortive Scheme;
She'll prove the greatest of thy Foes,
And yet I scorn to interpose;
But using neither Skill nor Force,
Leave all Things to their Nat'ral Course.

THE Goddess thus pronounc'd her Doom;
When lo! VANESSA in her Bloom,
Advanc'd like *Atalanta's* Star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new World with Caution stept,
Watch'd all the Company she kept;
Well knowing from the Books she read,
What dang'rous Paths young Virgins tread:
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the Play-House twice a Year;
Yet not uncurious, was inclin'd
To know the Converse of Mankind.

FIRST issu'd from Perfumers Shops
A Crowd of fashionable Fops;
They ask'd her how she lik'd the Play;
Then told the Tattle of the Day;
A Duel fought last Night at Two,
About a Lady, you know who:
Talk'd of a new *Italian* come,
Either from *Muscovy* or *Rome*:
Gave hints of Who and Who's together;
Then fell to talking of the Weather;
Last Night was so extremely fine,
The Ladies walk'd till after Nine.

Nor

Then

Then in soft Voice, and Speech absurd,
With Nonsense ev'ry second word;
With Fustian some exploded Plays,
They celebrate her Beauty's Praise:
Run o'er their Cant of stupid Lies,
And tell the Murders of her Eyes.
With silent Scorn, VANESSA sate,
Scarce list'ning to their idle Prate,
Further, than sometimes by a Frown,
When they grew Pert, to pull them down.
At last, she spightfully was bent
To try their Wisdom's full extent.
And said, she valu'd nothing less,
Than Titles, Figure, Shape and Dress:
That, Merit shou'd be chiefly plac'd
In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit and Taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd Man from Brute:
With her, a wealthy Fool could pass
At best, but for a Golden Ass.
That present Times have no Pretence
To Virtue, in the Noble Sense
By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood,
To perish for our Country's Good.
She nam'd the ancient Hero's round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd:
Then spoke with Censure or Applause
Of Foreign Customs, Rites and Laws.
Through Nature and thro' Art she rang'd,
And gracefully her Subjects chang'd.

In vain ; her Hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their Judgment was upon the whole,
That Lady is the dullest Soul !
Then tip'd their Foreheads in a Jeer,
As, who should say, She wants it here ;
She may be Handsome, Young, and Rich,
But none will burn Her for a Witch.

A Party next of glitt'ring Dames
From round the *Purlieus* of St. James
Came early, out of pure good Will
To see the Girl in *Disbaille* :
Their Clamour lighting from their Chairs
Grew louder all the way up Stairs ;
At Entrance loudest, where they found
The Room with Volumes litter'd round :
VANESSA held *Montagne* and read,
While Mrs. *Susan* comb'd her Head :
They call'd for Tea and Chocolate,
And fell into their usual Chat ;
Discourfing with important Face,
On Ribbands, Fans, and Gloves, and Lace ;
Show'd Patterns, juft from *India* brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought ;
Whether the Red or Green were best,
And what they cost ; VANESSA guest
As came into her Fancy first,
Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worst.
To Scandal next. What awkward Thing
Was that last Sunday in the Ring ?

I'm sorry *Mopsa* breaks so fast,
 I said, her Face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful Air,
 Is Thirty, and a bit to spare;
 Her Fondness for a certain Earl
 Began when I was but a Girl;
Phillis, who but a Month ago
 Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge-Beau*,
 I saw coquetting t'other Night
 In publick with that odious Knight.

THEY rally'd next VANESSA's Dress;
 That Gown was made for old Queen *Bess*.
 Dear Madam, let me Set your Head:
 Don't you intend to put on Red?
 A Petticoat without a Hoop!
 Sure, you'r not aſham'd to ſtoop:
 With handsome Garters at your Knees;
 No matter what a Fellow ſees.
 Fill'd with Diſdain, with Rage enflam'd;
 Both of her ſelf, and Sex aſham'd,
 The Nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
 Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
 Away the fair Detractors went,
 And gave by turns their Cenſures vent.
 She's not ſo handsome in my Eyes;
 For Wit, I wonder where it lies;
 She's fair and clean, and that's the moſt;
 But why proclaim her for a Toaſt?
 A Baby-Face, no Life, nor Airs,
 But what ſhe learn'd at Country-Fares:

Scarce

Scarce knows, what diff'rence is between
Rich *Flanders* Lace and *Colberteen*:
I'd undertake, my little *Nancy*
In Flounces, has a better Fancy.
With all her Wit, I wou'd not ask
Her Judgment, how to buy a Mask.
We beg'd her but to patch her Face,
She never hit one proper Place;
Which ev'ry Girl at five Years old
Can do, as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion Stuff
Becomes the Creature well enough.
The Girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the World a little better:
To know the World: A modern Phrase
For Visits, *Ombre*, Balls, and Plays.

THUS, to the World's perpetual Shame
The Queen of Beauty lost her Aim.
Too late with Grief she understood
Pallas had done more harm than good.
For, great Examples are in vain,
Where Ignorance begets Disdain.
Both Sexes, arm'd with Guilt and Spight,
Against VANESSA's Pow'r unite:
To Copy her few Nymphs aspir'd,
Her Virtues fewer Swains admir'd.
So Stars, beyond a certain Height,
Give Mortals neither Heat nor Light.

YET some of either Sex, endow'd
With Gifts superiour to the Crowd,

With Virtue, Knowledge, Taste, and Wit,
She condescended to admit.

With pleasing Art she could reduce
Mens Talents to their proper use :
And with Address each Genius held
To that, wherein it most excell'd :
Thus, making other's Wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.

A modest Youth said something new ;
She plac'd it in the strongest View ;
All humble Worth she strove to raise,
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The Learned met with free Approach,
Although they came not in a Coach ;
Some Clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward Bow ;
But this was for CADENUS' sake,
A Gown-Man of a diff'rent Make ;
Whom *Pallas*, once VANESSA's Tutor,
Had fix'd on, for her Coadjutor.

BUT *Cupid*, full of Mischief, longs
To vindicate his Mother's Wrongs :
On *Pallas* all Attempts are vain ;
One way he knows to give her Pain :
Vows on VANESSA's Heart to take
Due Vengeance, for her Patron's sake.
Those early Seeds by *Venus* sown,
In spite of *Pallas* now were grown :
And *Cupid* hop'd they wou'd improve
By Time, and ripen into Love.

The Boy made use of all his Craft;
In vain discharging many a Shaft;
Pointed with Col'nels, Lords, and Beaus,
CADENUS warded off the Blows;
For placing still some Book betwixt,
The Darts were in the Cover fixt;
Or often blunted and recoil'd
On *Plutarch's* Morals struck, were spoil'd.
The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent the Fate's Decree;
And Human Caution tries in vain
To break that Adamantine Chain.

VANESSA, though by *Pallas* taught,
By Love invulnerable thought;
Searching in Books for Wisdom's Aid,
Was in the very Search betray'd.

Cupid, though all his Darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no Cost;
He cou'd not answer to his Fame
The Triumphs of that stubborn Dame;
A Nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was Coquet, nor Prude:
I find, said he, she wants a Doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her;
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable Sires.

CADENUS is a Subject fit,
Grown old in Politicks and Wit;
Carefs'd by Ministers of State,
Of half Mankind the Dread or Hate.

Whate'er Vexations Love attend,
 She need no Rivals apprehend;
 Her Sex with universal Voice
 Must laugh at her capricious Choice.

CADENUS many Things had writ;
 VANESSA much esteem'd his Wit;
 And call'd for his Poetick Works;
 Mean time the Boy in secret lurks,
 And while the Book was in her Hand,
 The Urchin from his private Stand
 Took aim, and shot with all his Strength
 A Dart of such prodigious Length,
 It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro',
 And deep transfix'd her Bosom too.
 Some Lines more moving than the rest,
 Stuck to the Point that pierc'd her Breast,
 And born directly to her Heart,
 With Pains unknown encreas'd the Smart.

VANESSA not in Years a score,
 Doats on a Gown of Forty-four:
 Imaginary Charms can find
 In Eyes with reading almost blind:
 CADENUS now no more appears
 Declin'd in Health, advanc'd in Years;
 She fancies Musick in his Tongue,
 Nor further looks, but thinks him young.
 What Mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a Ship decay'd?
 What Planter will attempt to Yoak
 A Saplin with a falling Oak?

As Years encrease, she brighter shines,
CADENUS with each Day declines ;
And he must fall a Prey to Time,
While she continues in her Prime.

STRANGE, that a Nymph by *Pallas* nurs'd,
In Love should make Advances first:

CADENUS, common Forms a-part,
In ev'ry Scene had kept his Heart ;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For Pastime, or to shew his Wit :

But Time, and Books, and State-Affairs
Had spoil'd his fashionable Airs :

He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was Love.

His Conduct might have made him stil'd
A Father, and the Nymph his Child :

That innocent Delight he took
To see the Virgin mind her Book,

Was but a Master's secret Joy,
In Schools, to hear the finest Boy.

Her Knowledge with her Fancy grew,
She hourly press'd for something new ;

Idea's came into her Mind
So fast, his Lessons lag'd behind :

She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her Judgment wrong.

BUT now a sudden Change was wrought,
She minds no longer what he taught ;

She wish'd her Tutor were her Lover ;
Resolv'd she would her Flame discover :

And when CADENUS would expound
Some Notion subtil or profound,
The Nymph would gently press his Hand,
As if she seem'd to understand;
Or dext'rously dissembling Chance,
Would Sigh, and steal a secret Glance.

CADENUS was amaz'd to find
Such Marks of a distracted Mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before;
He found, her Thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess not whence could spring the Change.
And first, he modestly conjectures,
His Pupil might be tired with Lectures:
Which helpt to mortify his Pride,
Yet gave him not the Heart to chide.
But in a mild dejected Strain
At last he ventur'd to complain.
Said, she should be no longer teaz'd,
Might have her Freedom when she pleas'd:
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the World so long:
And in dull Studies to engage
One of her tender Sex and Age.
That, ev'ry Nymph with Envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grand Monde*;
And ev'ry Shepherd was undone
To see her Cloyster'd like a Nun.
His, was a visionary Scheme,
He wak'd and found it but a Dream;

A Project far above his Skill,
For Nature must be Nature still.
If he was bolder than became
A Scholar to a Courtly Dame,
She might excuse a Man of Letters;
Thus Tutors often treat their Betters.
But since his Talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last Adieu.

VANESSA fill'd with just Disdain,
Would still her Dignity maintain;
Instructed from her early Years,
To scorn the Art of Female Tears.

HAD he employ'd his Time so long
To teach her what was Right and Wrong,
Yet could such Notions entertain,
That all his Lectures were in vain.
She own'd the wand'ring of her Thoughts;
But he must answer for her Faults:
She well remembered, to her Cost,
That all his Lessons were not lost;
Two Maxims she could still produce,
And sad Experience taught their Use;
That, Virtue pleas'd with being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without Fear disclose
Our inmost Secrets to our Foes:
That common Forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble Mind.
Now, said the Nymph, to let you see
My Actions with your Rules agree,

That

That I can vulgar Forms despise,
 And have no Secrets to disguise;
 I'll fully prove your Maxims true
 By owning here my Love for you.
 I know by what you said and writ,
 How dang'rous Things were Men of Wit;
 You caution'd me against their Charms,
 But never gave me equal Arms:
 Your Lessons found the weakest part,
 Aim'd at the Head, but reach'd the Heart.

CADENUS felt within him rise
 Shame, Disappointment, Grief, Surprise:
 He knew not how to reconcile
 Such Language with her usual Stile;
 And yet her Words were so express,
 He could not hope she spoke in Jest,
 His Thoughts had wholly been confin'd,
 To form and cultivate her Mind;
 He hardly knew till he was told,
 Whether the Nymph were young or old;
 Had met her in a publick Place
 Without distinguishing her Face.
 Much less should his declining Age
 VANESSA early't Thoughts engage:
 And if her Youth indiff'rence met,
 His Person must Contempt beget.
 Or grant, her Passion be sincere,
 How shall his Innocence be clear?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The World must think him in the wrong;

Would

Would say, he made a treach'rous Use
Of Wit, to flatter and seduce.
The Town would swear he had betray'd
By Magick Spells the harmless MAID:
And ev'ry Beau would have his Jokes;
That Scholars were like other Folks;
That, when Platonick Heights were over,
The Tutor turn'd a Mortal Lover.
So tender of the Young and Fair,
It show'd a true Paternal Care:
Five Thousand Guineas in her Purse:
The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.

HARDLY at length he Silence broke;
And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke,
Interpreting her Complaisance
Just like a Man, *Sans consequence*.
She rally'd well, he always knew;
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke, was in an Air
As serious, as a Tragick Play'r.
But, those who aim at Ridicule
Should fix upon some certain Rule;
Which fairly hints they are in Jest;
Else he must enter his Protest:
For, let a Man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober Lies;
A Science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper Light,
'Tis just what Coxcombs call a Bite.

D

But

BUT not to dwell on Things minute,
VANESSA finish'd the Dispute;
Brought weighty Arguments to prove,
That Reason was her Guide in Love.
She thought he had himself describ'd
His Doctrines when she first imbib'd;
From him transfus'd into her Breast
With Pleasure not to be express.
What he had planted, now was grown;
His Virtues she may call her own:
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or Contempt her Fancy strikes.
Self-Love, in Nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she loves him, admire not at her,
She loves her self, and that's the Matter.
How was her Tutor want to praise
The Genius's of antient Days,
Those Authors he so oft had nam'd
For Learning, Wit, and Wisdom fam'd;
Was struck with Love, Esteem and Awe
For Persons whom he never saw;
Suppose CADENUS flourish'd then,
He must adore such God-like Men.
If one short Volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the Writer long were dead?
If such an Author were alive,
How all would for his Friendship strive?

Would

Would come in Crowds to see his Face;
And, this she takes to be her Case:

CADENUS answers ev'ry End,
The Book, the Author, and the Friend:
The utmost her Desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His Converſe is a System fit
Alone, to fill up all her Wit;
While ev'ry Paſſion of her Mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

LOVE can with Speech inspire a Mute,
And taught VANESSA to diſpute;
This Topick never touch'd before
Display'd her Eloquence the more;
Her Knowledge with ſuch Pains acquir'd
By this new Paſſion grew inspir'd;
Through Love ſhe made all Objects paſs,
Which gave a Tincture o'er the Maſs:
As Rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the Sea their Courſe incline.
Or, as Philoſophers that find
Some Fav'rite System to their Mind,
In ev'ry Point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to ſubmit.

CADENUS, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His Leſſons would have this Effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her Side.
It was an unforeſeen Event,
Things took a Turn he never meant,

Whoe'er excels in what we prize
 Appears a Hero in our Eyes :
 Each Girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
 Will have the Teacher in her Thought :
 When Miss delights in her Spinnet,
 A Fidler may a Fortune get.
 A Blockhead with melodious Voice
 In Boarding-Schools can have his Choice ;
 And oft the Dancing-Master's Art
 Climbs from the Toe to reach the Heart.
 In Learning let a Nymph delight,
 The Pedant gets a Mistress by't.
 CADENUS, to his Grief and Shame,
 Could scarce oppose VANESSA's Flame :
 But thought her Arguments were strong,
 At least, could hardly wish 'em wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But, sure she never talk'd so well.
 His Pride began to interpose :
 Preferr'd before a Crowd of Beaux ;
 So bright a Nymph to come unsought,
 Such Wonders by his Merit wrought ;
 'Tis Merit must with her prevail,
 He never knew her Judgment fail ;
 She noted all she ever read ;
 And had a most discerning Head.

'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,
 That Vanity's the Food of Fools,
 Yet now and then your Men of Wit
 Will condescend to taste a Bit ;

So, when CADENUS could not hide,
He chose to justify his Pride;
Constr'ing the Passion she had shown
Much to her Praise, more to his own;
Nature in him had Merit plac'd,
In her, a most judicious Taste.
Love, hitherto a transient Guest,
Ne'er held Possession of his Breast;
So long attending at the Gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love, why do we one Passion call,
When 'tis a Compound of them all?
Where Hot and Cold, where Sharp and Sweet,
In all their Equipages meet;
Where Pleasures mix'd with Pains appear,
Sorrow with Joy, and Hope with Fear;
Wherein his Dignity and Age
Forbid CADENUS to engage:
But Friendship in its greatest Height,
A constant rational Delight,
On Virtue's Basis fix'd, to last
When Love's Allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return.
His want of Passion will redeem
With Gratitude, Respect, Esteem;
With that Devotion we bestow
When Goddesses appear below.

WHILE thus CADENUS entertains
VANESSA in exalted Strains,
The Nymph in sober words, entreats
A Truce with all sublime Conceits;

For,

For, why such Raptures, Flights, and Fancies
To her who durst not read Romances,
In lofty Stile to make Replies,
Which he had taught her to despise.
But when her Tutor will affect
Devotion, Duty, and Respect,
He fairly Abdicates his Throne,
The Government is now her own;
He has a Forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his Word;
And hopes, he will not think it strange
If both should now their Stations change;
The Nymph will have her Turn to be
The Tutor, and the Pupil he;
Though she already can discern
Her Scholar is not apt to learn,
Or wants Capacity to reach
The Science she designs to teach:
Wherein his Genius was below
The Skill of ev'ry common Beau;
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a Lady's Eyes,
And will each accidental Glance
Interpret for a kind Advance.

BUT what Success VANESSA met,
Is to the World a Secret yet;
Whether the Nymph to please her Swain,
Talks in a high Romantick Strain;
Or whether he at last descends,
To Love with less Seraphick Ends;
Or to compound the Business, whether
They temper Love and Books together,

Shall

Shall never to Mankind be told,
Nor dares the conscious Muse unfold.

MEAN time, the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary Life above ;
She ventures now to leave the Skies,
Grown, by VANESSA's Conduct, wife.
For, though by one perverse Event
Pallas had cross'd her first Intent ;
Though her Design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much Experience gain'd :
And by the Project vainly try'd,
Could better now the Cause decide.

She gave due Notice, that both Parties,

*Coram Regina, prox. di. Martis, **

* Before the
Queen, on
Tuesday next.

Should at their Peril, without fail

Come and appear, and save their Bail.

All met, and Silence thrice proclaim'd,

One Lawyer to each Side was nam'd.

The Judge discover'd in her Face

Resentments for her late Disgrace ;

And full of Anger, Shame, and Grief,

Directed them to mind their Brief ;

Nor spend the Time to shew their Reading ;

She'd have a summary Proceeding :

She gather'd under ev'ry Head

The Sum of what each Lawyer said ;

Gave her own Reasons last, and then

Decreed the Cause against the Men.

BUT in a weighty Case like this,

To shew she did not judge amiss,

Which evil Tongues might else report,

She made a Speech in open Court :

Where-

Wherein she grievously complains
 How she was cheated by the Swains;
 On whose Petition, humbly shewing
 That, Women were not worth the Wooing;
 And, That unless the Sex would mend,
 The Race of Lovers soon must end;
 She was at Lord knows what Expence
 To form a Nymph of Wit and Sense;
 A Model for her Sex design'd,
 Who never could one Lover find.
 She saw, her Favour was misplac't;
 The Fellows had a wretched Taſt:
 She needs muſt tell 'em to their Face,
 They were a ſtupid, ſenſeleſs Race;
 And were ſhe to begin agen,
 She'd ſtudy to réform the Men;
 Or, add ſome Grains of Folly more
 To Women, than they had before;
 To put them on an equal Foot,
 And this, or nothing elſe would do't:
 This might their mutual Fancy ſtrike,
 Since ev'ry Being loves its Like.
 But, now repenting what was done,
 She left all Buſ'neſs to her Son:
 She puts the World in his Poſſeſſion,
 And let him uſe it at Diſcretion:
 The Cry'r was order'd to diſmiſs
 The Court, who made his laſt O Yeſ:
 The Goddeſs would no longer wait,
 But riſing from her Chair of State,
 Left all below at Six and Seven,
 Harn'eſ'd her Doves, and flew to Heaven.